

# INTEGRITY

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Subject-Grace, Color & Creed

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## EDITORIAL



OUR several injustices have points of similarity. For one thing, there comes a day of retribution. The exploitation of the working man by the capitalists is today being revenged by unions and collectivities of workers. Tomorrow, perhaps, our black brothers will unleash on us *their* pent-up fury. Seeing, then, this threat afar off, will we behave like the jittery capitalists after they have seen the handwriting on the wall? Will we shower gifts on those whom we have reduced to squalor? And when that fails to appease them will we begin making concessions—giving them houses finally, and jobs and education? When that, too, fails to make them love us, will we finally and belatedly wipe away segregation to save our own skins, or rather our children's skins? There have been a lot of kings in history murdered by their subjects while they were precisely engaged in reforming the abuses of previous reigns.

Ironically enough, capitalism and color discrimination, both of which are enthusiastically championed by unnumbered Catholics, are alike products of the denial of the faith. Neither has ever really taken root in a really Catholic country. When Catholics here in America wallow in usury, they are bearing witness to the defeat of the Church's economic teachings. When they turn the Negro out of their homes they are, of course, sinning against the doctrine of the Mystical Body, and furthermore they are doing something that has no precedent or counterpart anywhere in the Catholic or "once-Catholic" world. They have really lost the faith, in an integral sense. Nor can they avoid being told as much in the near future, by the clamor of voices which has arisen in protest, by "zealots" maybe in the beginning, but finally by their own pastors.

The trend of the times is certainly in favor of the Negro, as most of the articles in this issue show, or as anyone can observe for himself, despite the occasional last-ditch stands of reactionaries. It seems to us that progress in granting justice is not nearly fast enough to keep pace with the mounting indignation, let alone with moral obligations in the matter. The upward movement is cer-



tainly nothing to be complacent about anyhow. Of its own momentum it bodes ill. It promises eventual excesses and counter-injustices.

Ironically enough, our two great social sins are converging. The poor Negro, struggling desperately to better his lot, is likely to find himself in only a more modern form of servitude, which cannot be much sweeter for the fact that it is shared by colorless people. From the cotton fields to the assembly line is not emancipation, but a refinement of debenture. What will it profit the Negro to become equal to us at the moment of our own enslavement?

A few words should be said on the question of that prudence which seems to be rooted in right reason. Are the Negroes fit to take the responsibility which full citizenship entails? Probably many of them are not (how should they be, under the circumstances?), just as the majority of workers are not fitted to run the factories or the government. But has anyone now the right to deny them the privilege of trying? When children grow up it is too late for their parents to repent that they have neglected their education. Adults cannot return to a state of infancy, but must leave home and fumble with their own destinies. They will follow leaders who can win their admiration and their love, but they will no longer subject themselves to anyone they have not voluntarily chosen to follow.

So when we white people discuss the "Negro question" we must not talk as though the solution to it remains in our hands, because it does not. We must, of course, erase the barriers to Negro freedom, and as speedily as possible (but let us not suppose we are doing an act of charity when we are simply at long last allowing justice to take its course). The problem is not now so much a problem of equality as it is of salvation—theirs and ours. Added to the grave danger that we will go to Hell for oppressing the Negro is the rising danger that the Negroes will become enveloped in hatred and perish also.

The only escape from this doleful situation which we have created is to bring intense sanctity to bear on it. We need saint-leaders to show Negroes and whites alike the way out of an un-Christian society. We need suffering, reparative saints, to pay with Christ the debt of our sins. There is no reason why either type saint should be any particular color.

THE EDITORS

# Glimpses of the Interracial Apostolate

As it exists among Catholics of different skin color, race prejudice with its concomitant discrimination has been aptly called an embolism in the Mystical Body of Christ. It is a clot that blocks the flow of the redeeming Blood of the Savior into His members, potential and actual. It paralyzes the baptizing hand of the Mystical Christ. It inhibits the growth of the Church. It withers many a budding priestly and religious vocation. It causes an atrophy and a dying off of formerly sound and fruitful members. With its removal from the Body of Christ, the interracial apostolate is intimately concerned.

## Symptoms

Whether one is a Southerner or a Northerner, or an inhabitant of what are, with Civil War reminiscences, called the border states and the border cities, one cannot help but become increasingly aware of the data for the diagnosis of this malady. The Negro Catholic minority is growing larger and is spreading out. The appeal of the Church to Negroes of all social classes is being stepped up. The need therefore for the removal of the last traces of this embolism is becoming more imperative.

Incidentally, even surface acquaintance with the problem leads to a conviction that it is not a mere geographical phenomenon, limited to the South. Southerners might easily paraphrase the Wolcottian witticism: "Let him that is without sin among you, stone the first caste."

That prejudice and caste thinking are sometimes operative among the less fervent members of the Church is apparent wherever the Negro Catholic is jim-crowed. Ethnocentrism and parochialism have not infrequently overshadowed the essential catholicity and universalism of the Church in some of the phases of its day-by-day life.

Chesterton would have had a field day with these paradoxical symptoms, except that few of them would leave him room for the whimsicalities of his delightful style. They are many of them too grim.

Take the paradox involved in the Church's constant urging of frequent Communion, in its sublime teaching that the Eucharist is the bond of unity in the Mystical Body, that we are all one because we eat of one Bread. One can see many beautiful manifestations of interracial amity growing out of this sacramental transcending of race barriers. Yet Laura Elizabeth Adams, the



Negro poet-convert, closes *Dark Symphony*, her autobiography, on a poignant note. She attests that she has found spiritual happiness in the Church. But she adds that as she approaches the Communion rail there is always a tinge of fear—that the priest will pass her by and refuse her Communion, as one caste-minded priest once did. I wish I could say that this is the only instance I can verify. Unfortunately, this symptomatic indication of deep-lying prejudice has been thrust upon me more often than I like to remember.

Nor is communion-rail prejudice restricted to the clergy. I wince when I recall the case of the faithful old Negro who sat humbly in the rear of the church (left side, please) and waited until the last row of white communicants was at the altar rail. He then approached and knelt next to the last one, waiting for his Lord.

Another white man, hurrying into the church late, rushed up and knelt at his side. Only then did he notice the skin color of the hands clasped ahead of his. Enraged, he swung his bent arm up above the rail and struck the Negro squarely on the chest with his elbow.

"Get out of here, you d— nigger," he snarled, knocking him away from the rail, down the steps, onto the floor. An usher hurried over from the aisle. He hustled the Negro out of the church for disturbing the peace. The white man remained and received Communion.

Shocking? Yes, but no more shocking than the fact that prejudice, whether operating violently as in this case, or more subtly in the segregation system, has successfully elbowed thousands of Catholic Negroes and prospective converts away from the Bread of Life.

Other symptoms of the split in the collective personality of the white Catholics have been perhaps less symbolic, but not less tragic than these. I have personally investigated numerous cases where Catholic Negroes had been driven away from the confessional by priests who refused to hear them in the "white" church; where Catholic Negroes had been ejected forcibly from church by ushers, and in one instance by two policemen called by the pastor; where bitterly anti-Negro pastors refused to go across the street to administer the last Sacraments to a dying Negro Catholic woman, or to answer a sick call from a Negro patient in the hospital near the rectory; where Negroes sitting in church have been challenged from the pulpit to leave and go to "their own" church; and where others have been given printed cards, telling them the

address of the Negro Catholic church where they would be served."

One can see caste mentality prevail over Catholic charity and neighborliness in the panic evacuation of established Catholic parishes because a few Negroes moved into hitherto all-white social blocks. The interracial apostolate was set back fifteen years, by the Bishop's estimate, in one city where a Negro Catholic couple, middle-aged, quiet, and well-educated, moved into a neighborhood that was more than ninety percent Catholic. The white neighbors, instead of welcoming these fellow members of the Mystical Body, destroyed their furniture as it was being unloaded from the van, stoned their windows, and threatened their safety. The couple in desperation had to call for a police guard that was on duty twenty-fours a day at their house. On Sunday, the police escorted them to the neighborhood church where they worshipped with the neighbors who would not let them live in peace.

There are symptoms of the embolism also in the caste divisions of the Catholic school system in some places. Perhaps here more than elsewhere are there paradoxes within enigmas wrapped in conundrums. Negro Catholics have told me that they are weary of hearing sermons on the obligation of Catholic parents to send their children to the Catholic schools, of listening to the Bishop's annual letter in early September on the opening of school, when they know that they cannot send their children to the nearby parish school, even though it is manifestly impossible for a child to travel all the way across town to the segregation school in the "colored" parish.

I remember feeling a twinge of futility as I was giving a commencement address to the graduates of a colored Catholic high school. I was telling them that they were the hope of their people. I stressed the urgent need for priests and sisters, for teachers and doctors, for nurses, lawyers, for Catholic apostles in general to perpetuate the work of Christ the priest, the teacher, the physician of souls and of bodies, the defender of the oppressed among their people. I urged them to continue their education in a Catholic college, and all the while I realized that the only Catholic college in the area was an all-white institution, open to Protestants and atheists, but closed to these Catholic students.

Vocations to the priesthood, to religious orders and to sisterhoods are definitely stifled by the onus of the segregation system. I know of one interracial religious order that has had to refuse more than forty Negro boys who wanted to study to be priests. Their only preparatory seminary was in a Southern state. They



had admitted a few colored students and were operating amicably as an interracial school. But the Bishop "prudently" requested that they get rid of the colored seminarians because he didn't want any trouble with the whites and the civil authorities.

It is true that great progress has been made in the last twenty years in integrating Catholic Negroes into our church schools in the North and in border states, as well as in developing mission schools for Negroes under the civilly imposed segregation system in the South. But much still remains to be done by way of reshaping the race attitudes and conduct of Catholic students and adults, before the more damaging effects of prejudice are eliminated.

I find that it is the laity who dictate, the clergy who decree, and the sisters who execute many of the paradoxical provisions of caste in charity as it prevails in our Catholic institutions. I have investigated cases that are appalling: a Negro child with a compound fracture of the leg refused even emergency service at a Catholic hospital because its pediatrics care was for white children only; Negro patients assigned to makeshift, hole-in-the-basement wards because only the white Christ was admitted upstairs in the person of His least white brethren; pastors of colored churches who were desperately trying to keep colored Catholic unmarried mothers from going to abortionists because the Catholic home for the unmarried mothers was for white only; Catholic colored orphans placed in public institutions and lost to the faith because the authorities feared a loss of revenue at the orphanage if it were interracial.

While one nationally known instance such as Father Flanagan's interracial Boys' Town counteracts much of the untoward effect of segregation, it does puzzle Catholic Negroes to have to contribute to the diocesan charities drive and to have their children, their sick, and their aged excluded from their own institutions.

### **Emergency First Aid**

A large part of the interracial apostolate takes the form of first aid, rushed to relieve the occasional crises engendered by the effects of the embolism of prejudice in the Body of the Church.

It was encouraging to all in the interracial apostolate to learn that the Holy Father himself has personally intervened in the matter. One of his major tasks when he toured the country as Cardinal Pacelli was to investigate first-hand many of the complaints of the Catholic Negro leaders, and to insist on reform. As head of the Church, he has repeatedly promoted the apostolate. His official statement of affection for the Catholic Negro is re-



corded in his encyclical to the United States, *Sertum Laetitiae*. He has moreover instructed the Apostolic Delegate to show special signs of encouragement to those engaged in the apostolate. One of the recipients of this encouragement told how he and other priests in the colored mission field were called in for a conference with the Apostolic Delegate in Washington. There, the Delegate informed them that he was under special instruction from the Holy Father to secure the names of clergymen, even on the higher levels, who were hindering the apostolate among the Negroes. The Pope wanted this information as a guide to future appointment. He was determined, the Delegate stated, not to advance to ecclesiastical preferment, and especially to bishoprics in the South, anyone who was known for his race prejudice.

All down the line, others have also rushed in for emergency measures against specific manifestations of the malady. One cannot help admiring the courage of the pastor of a colored Catholic Church in South Louisiana who valiantly stood on his church steps and defied an angry lynch-mob (composed mostly of Catholic whites) that demanded he turn over to them a Catholic Negro who had taken sanctuary in his church. The priest, who prefers to be anonymous, successfully quelled the bloodlust of the would-be lynchers, and kept the Negro from falling into their hands.

One cannot help saluting the courage of the priests who went to the scene of an incipient race riot in Milwaukee and there harangued the crowd to deter them from further violence against the Negro veterans who were taking possession of their homes. Nor can anyone fail to applaud the quiet work of the priest in Mobile who gathered up the complaints of the Negroes against police brutality and mistreatment, and personally went to the chief of police to demand that these officers be removed from duty in the colored neighborhoods and even fired from the force. My hat is off to the young Catholic lawyer who, risking his reputation and his practice, deliberately undertook to defend case after case of helpless Negroes arraigned on trumped-up charges of rape and, moreover, succeeded in getting them freed from the easy-to-make, difficult-to-disprove allegations.

Drastic measures have sometimes been taken in the administration of this first aid. While few can approve all of the extremes to which they go, we can thank God for the bitter medicine that is administered to us by the firebrands and the spitfires of the interracial apostolate. The therapy of cauterization is not popular, but it is sometimes necessary to fight fire with fire to secure the full force of a counteracting measure.

## The Encyclicals and The Cure

For this, as for other spiritual illnesses in the Body of the Church, one of the principal means of soul-cure is teaching the word of God, especially as the great principles of the Gospel are interpreted to us by the encyclical letters of the modern Popes. The interracial apostle of necessity spends a good deal of time and energy spelling out in black and white the implications of the encyclicals for the benefit of those who see them only in their Caucasian applications.

I remember riding down the main avenue in one of our Southern cities with a fellow Catholic one morning. We stopped for a traffic light at the intersection of the bus line from the Negro section and the street-car line to the silk stocking ward. A long line of Negro women stood awaiting the street car.

"Look at them," my companion said; "they didn't go to work during the war when their husbands were making war wages. But now they've come down off their high horse and have to go back to cooking and housework uptown."

"That's too bad, isn't it?" I rejoined; "the Holy Father insists that men be given living wages so that their wives will not have to work out but will be able to stay home and take care of the children." He lapsed into silence.

On another occasion I overheard someone condemning a certain intelligent Negro as a radical because he tried to organize a labor union among his fellow Negroes. I innocently observed that he had the Pope on his side since the Holy Father insisted that the workingman has a right to organize labor unions to get just wages and decent working conditions. Incidentally, I have had myself disliked also by some of our zealous and indefatigable labor priests for insisting that the Pope's labor pronouncements apply much less to the plutocratic unionists of the present day than they do to the unorganized and disfranchised Negro workers in the South. Only these actually work under the conditions of labor denounced in the encyclicals.

However, whether they follow the encyclicals or not, I have found out that quotations from them, spelled out in their race implications, do serve to neutralize some defenders of the status quo. I saw this dramatically illustrated at a meeting of about thirty Southern priests assembled to discuss ways and means of the social apostolate. The inevitable question of policy and attitude toward the segregation system arose. Some of the older fathers defended the system as the backbone of social order in the nation, saw only disorder and chaos if the color line were breached.



Others in the group were equally strong in attacking it as the cause of all the South's ills and injustices. Lightless heat was soon generated. The atmosphere was getting tense. The meeting was stalemated. At this impasse, I suddenly remembered a passage from Pius XII that I had in my notes. I dug it up, got the floor, and said: "Gentlemen, let me quote Pope Pius XII on this matter." Then I proceeded to read the words from the papal message of 1942:

Within the limits of a new order founded on moral principles there is no place for open or secret oppression . . . of national minorities, for the hindrance or restriction of their economic resources. The more conscientiously the government of a state respects the rights of minorities, the more confidently and the more effectively can it demand from its subjects a loyal fulfillment of those civil obligations which are common to all citizens.

One of the conservatives objected that segregation was not oppression. I then spelled out the oppressive features of the segregation system: it deprives the Negro of the Sacraments, of free access to the Church, of full participation in its religious life; it refuses him the vote, taxes him without representation, gives him no adequate police or fire protection, educational opportunity or public health facilities; it defrauds him of just wages, economic opportunity, decent housing, wholesome environment, minimum recreational facilities, and many other human rights.

That settled the theoretical argument. It neutralized the opposition. The power of the papal principles as applied to the American race problem was demonstrated. As a result of this incident, a group of young semarians assembled a dossier of the Pope's statements for a proposed pamphlet entitled *Pius XII and Human Relations*. However, none of the Catholic publishers approached would even consider its publication. It was too explosive.

### **Institutional Care and Treatment**

My recent years of study and travel have given me a deeper insight into the valuable therapeutic work being accomplished by the many outstanding Catholic institutions in the field of race relations.

Fortunately, many of the interracial foundations have become household words among Catholics all over the country. The splendid work of the Baroness de Hueck and her Friendship

Houses has been widely publicized. Personal acquaintance with the courageous groups is a shot-in-the-arm both for immunization to prejudice and for stoutening the strength of those in the apostolate.

Fides House and Il Poverello House in Washington, the Blessed Martin de Porres Center and Shiel House in Chicago, Caritas House in New Orleans, the City of Saint Jude near Montgomery, and many others stand out like spiritual health centers in the midst of the contagion of caste-mindedness.

Working with the Young Christian Students, the National Federation of Catholic College Students, the Young Christian Workers, the Catholic Students Mission Crusade, and the Sodality, one gathers an impression of immense good will and spiritual dynamism that bodes well for the future.

The continuing apostolates of the Clergy Conferences on Negro Welfare, the Catholic Committee of the South, the Commission on American Citizenship, the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and of other important Catholic Interracial Councils with their *Interracial Review*, are all symptoms of recovery in the Body of the Church from the prolonged effects of that spiritual embolism.

One sees as one goes from place to place in search of a formula for the religious solution of the Church's and the nation's race problem, that the afflatus of the Holy Spirit evident in these apostolic labors is the ultimate answer. The Holy Ghost has infused fortitude into these apostolic souls, some of whom, like the Baroness de Hueck and other Friendship House workers, have come within inches of martyrdom at the hands of brick-throwing, lynch-minded whites. The Holy Ghost is spreading the light of faith through the teaching of courageous laity, sisters, brothers, and priests and that too is curing the blindness of past prejudices. And I find an increasing number of our Catholic institutions such as hospitals and child-care homes that are transcending race barriers to minister to the Ebony Christ in His very least brethren.

Holiness is the solution of this as of many other social ills. The personal holiness of an increasingly larger body of apostles will, if it is enlightened and if it makes use of all the sacred endowments God places at our disposal, displace the unholy attitudes toward and the sacrilegious violations of their fellow members of Christ on the part of the comparatively few who let *race* and not *grace* predominate in their lives. Where there are more gatherings of two or three of different colors in His name, where more mothers and fathers will spiritually generate the love of God



and neighbor in children's hearts that might be turned to race hatreds, where administrative parochial divisions will not be allowed to rend the seamless unity of all Catholics, where God's sacred leaders will use their awesome powers to guard, pacify, rule and unite all the souls committed to their care, regardless of body color, there we will be achieving more of the plenitude of the Mystical Body—the ultimate goal of the interracial apostolate.

ALBERT S. FOLEY, S.J.

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### RACIAL STRAIN

It's always a strain, again and again,  
When dealing with races inferior:  
To NOT be a snob's a difficult job,  
While knowing that WE are superior.

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## Load That Plate, Lift That Fork!

I guess you might say that my personal contribution to Negro advancement has been *eating*. For the past five years, I—on behalf of racial justice and understanding—have been steadily eating my way through calorie-loaded salmon rings, hot pecan rolls, shrimp creole, fudge cake, Hungarian kiefies, pizza pie, and various other exotic delicacies that would make *Integrity* blanch. (*Integrity*, I'm beginning to suspect, is not exactly on the side of gluttony and soft living. They've taken the high road; I've taken the low road; and small wonder if they reach Scotland afore me. Can't travel fast on an overloaded stomach, you know.)\*

The point remains that there's practically *no* delicious delicacy that I won't eat, for the love of Christ and His Mystical Body, and let no one sneer at my apostolate. As my girlish figure grows less and less girlish, I can't for the life of me see that I'm one whit less heroic than the more ascetic type of apostle. Just enjoying my heroism more, that's all.

Perhaps I should make clear, however, that the constitution of our Blessed Martin group in South Bend, where all this interracial feasting takes place, does not officially list food as its prime purpose in life. Rather, our constitution has all the high-minded and breathless beauty of the Gettysburg Address. Neither is Duncan Hines, that gourmet of the U. S. highways, our patron saint. Neither is it because of our eating prowess that our tiny pioneer group was recently nominated as an entry for the national one thousand dollar Lane Bryant award for "exceptional voluntary efforts to advance the welfare of the community." Not exceptional efforts to advance the *girth* of the community, you understand, but its welfare.

In brief, there is method in our gastronomical madness. And if my readers can quit drooling over that shrimp creole and fudge cake for a few minutes, I'll be happy to explain everything.

Once upon a time I belonged to a sternly ascetic Catholic study group composed of Notre Dame faculty wives. It was a very zealous-for-Christian-wisdom little group and it was really a shame therefore when we met with an untimely end. (Moral: Don't bite off more than you can chew, even if you *do* belong to the Superior White Race. We bit off a goodly sized hunk of Saint Thomas Aquinas, with no one to assist us in the chewing

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\* Editors' Note: This is an undeserved compliment. Several, at least, of our staff confess to the sin of gluttony.



maneuvers, and this was our undoing. The group folded up from sheer exhaustion.)

Yet for some of us, in spite of our weakened condition, there remained a nostalgic sense of loss. It *had* been a good group, hadn't it, until Aquinas came along?

Then, one fine day, several of us nostalgic souls happened to hear the Chicago Friendship House Director give a lecture on race discrimination and segregation. She must have been fairly eloquent because, before she'd even left town, my friend Katie Dooley and I had concocted what we felt was the greatest little scheme since Lincoln freed the slaves.

### Food for Thought

The Friendship House lady appeared to think otherwise. She seemed to think that Katie and I, with our raw and reckless enthusiasm and no experience, would probably set the Cause back a good ten years. Not to mention setting off some very fine race riots.

Our little scheme was simply to kill two birds with one stone. First bird: we were getting lonesome for the word of God and would like to start another study group. Second bird: we would make it a mixed membership—half white, half colored—and thus put that word of God into action. Moreover, we would hold our fortnightly meetings in EACH OTHER'S HOMES—not a safe neutral ground like a church basement—and make it a real acceptance all the way round. If colored women trooping into our homes proved a bad jolt to the neighbors, in our restricted white neighborhoods, it would be a *good* bad jolt. And this jab at segregation, however puny, was something not even Friendship House workers could imitate. We had the edge on the professionals because *we* had private homes to fling open. We also, if I may say so, were fairly respectable and solid citizens and wouldn't be brushed off by the cynical as either "paid social workers" or "radical religious crackpots." Just local citizens gone slightly berserk, shall we say?

As to all the hundred and one touchy situations and complications that would no doubt arise among ourselves—such as the difference in backgrounds and education—well, we figured that the thing to do was just to close our eyes, make the sign of the cross, and jump in. What man, by just taking thought, can infallibly predict what the morrow will bring? No man. Not even Gabriel Heatter.

The main drawback to this beautiful application of Abandonment was that we didn't have even a nodding acquaintance with any colored women. (There were certainly none to nod at in

my parish church.) We could scarcely run an ad in the local *Tribune*: "Wanted, a half-dozen Catholic colored women who would like to become friends with a half-dozen Catholic white women." But wait! Might not Father Vincent Thilman, the white C.S.C. pastor of Saint Augustine's church, be game to round up some equally game souls among his colored flock?

He was not only game but enthusiastic. So over a luncheon table (already I was beginning my eating apostolate!) we laid the groundwork. He, brave creature, offered to be our chaplain and faithfully attend all meetings and, after *that* magnificent gesture, the Friendship House lady gave us her rather shaky blessings. ("It's a lovely idea, just lovely. It's just that it's never been tried before and I—um—ah—well, the Holy Ghost be with you.")

Both the Holy Ghost and Blessed Martin must surely have been hovering solicitously over that first meeting we held in Katie's living room in Harter Heights. As Katie has described it elsewhere: "The colored women brought what one of them later described as a certain amount of apprehension and a great deal of reserve. The white women brought a somewhat nervous desire to be gracious and an even more nervous fear of being distastefully overgracious. All of us brought blundering good will and a sincere determination to *do* something about racial understanding. These awkward gifts were accepted by the powers-that-be and, in return, we were handed a totally unexpected boon: the gift of laughter."

### Birth of Mirth

It was that laughter—based perhaps on everyone's jumpy and yet goodnatured awareness that we were treading on egg shells—that really launched us. Someone pulled a boner and, in the spontaneous shout of convulsive mirth that went up, the tension evaporated into thin air for keeps. Over the past five years, I would say that this quick and easy humor on both sides, that keeps forever bubbling to the surface, has been the chief characteristic of our group. What an almost miraculous blessing was this: that in a hastily assembled and ill-matched group of strangers we didn't draw a single Bellicose Bertha or Gloomy Gertie! Still, I don't think they could have stayed that way for long with a priest like Father Thilman around. He's the sort of person who—when he's tickled, which is frequently—gives a sharp helpless howl and slaps his leg like the end man of a minstrel show. (An expression that would have made me bite my tongue in those early race-conscious days but now, glory be, would pass unnoticed. Which shows how far we've come along the way of friendship.



Another indication is the way we "insult" and goof each other about individual and feminine failings: the acid test that makes or breaks.)

The other great blessing to befall us Babes in the Woods, along with the gift of impolite mirth and our wise and delightful chaplain, was our decision *not* to take up—in businesslike fashion—the race problem. (It was our smarter colored sisters who voted against it, even though we'd already invested in a textbook by Father LaFarge.) Instead, we decided to meet on just a sisters *under the skin* basis: Catholic wives, mothers, and homemakers. This was a wondrously wise move, as it turned out, for in this way the inevitable race grievances came up *naturally* and not in a forced or self-conscious or too belligerent fashion.

### Public Life

Up until this past year, our group shunned publicity of any sort—after all, we had first to prove ourselves—but now we are venturing forth. We feel (somewhat reluctantly, for our nest is warm and cozy) that the time has come to appear as witnesses. For instance, we showed up at an all day Civic Rights Institute—sponsored by Jews, Catholics, and Protestants—in a local Methodist church. This Institute was a very worthwhile first step in the right direction (I kept telling myself all day) but it also tried my spirit sorely. My bored spirit had a hard time remembering that there had been a first step for me, too.

Everyone spouted elegantly but vaguely on good will and citizenship and brotherhood (carefully ignoring anything spiritual but pumping the citizenship angle as if we'd just arrived at Ellis Island) and sang little ditties like "All We Want Is A Friendly World." Sitting stolidly in those pews, *our* little group—forgive me!—provided the living, if rather stark, example of: "We don't just talk and sing songs. *We are.*"

If this smacks of spiritual pride—well, you're right. I did feel proud that day. Along with the pride I also had the sinking sensation that I was probably the most prejudiced soul in that entire crowd of five hundred assorted church women. Prejudiced, that is, in favor of the Catholic Church and its strong and unabashed supernatural approach to social issues. (Shed a tear, if you will, over its unheeding members but sing alleluia for the surefooted doctrine and supernatural strength that's *there* to lean upon, anyway.)

We also, like lambs to the slaughter, entered our first militant skirmish: the pending public housing bill, that practically tore our city hall apart. This was indeed a baptism by fire (for

the bill was crushed to smithereens) but it at least opened our innocent eyes to the fact that it was Negro prejudice, pure and simple, that was at the basis of the crushing. Another valuable bit of training we picked up was in learning to interpret the fancy phrases that cloak cowardice, greed, and the endearing creed of "I gotta look out for myself first, don't I?"

In matters like this, twenty housewives are no match (to put it mildly) for the city politicians and real estate clique but it's something, at least, to get up on your hind legs and howl. Maybe bite an ankle or two, especially Catholic ankles, if the opportunity arises.

What twenty housewives *can* do—we hope, we hope—is inspire and encourage twenty other housewives, in other communities, to start their own Blessed Martin groups. Yet while I like to think this article might be helpful toward that end, I prefer to give only a sweeping summary of our experience rather than a detailed and blow-by-blow account of the things we've worked out together. If anyone wants details, write in. We'll send you a copy of our constitution, hot off the mimeograph press, along with our blessings. We loathe red tape on principle and got along just *fine* without a constitution until recent outside requests started coming in. Hastily our group went into a huddle and tried to figure out just what our principles, if any, were. (Since principles weren't something you could eat, we were rather out of our natural orbit.) Still, it turned out fairly simple. We just looked around and saw what we had accomplished, willy-nilly, and said: "Sure. That's what we had in mind all along. Let's put it in English now."

Thus it is that our Purpose (not to be confused with our more eloquent Preamble) now reads: "1. Through study of the Catholic religion, as a common meeting ground, we hope to grow in grace and wisdom. 2. Negro and white members thus co-operating, we expect to attain a more complete understanding between the two races."

### **Straight Stuff**

Just how much we've grown in grace and wisdom is something for the recording angels to judge, not us, but our efforts have certainly been on the level. That is, the religious study is not just a false front, a make-shift meeting ground for the racial purpose. (On the contrary, a group like this affords an ideal way to imbibe Christian truths because the race consciousness adds zest and point and poignancy to the various doctrines.) Too, the colored members are all converts, with non-Catholic husbands, and the majority of us whites are also adopted children: hence a

general need and desire to "increase in grace and wisdom." To help us along the way, we've had the cream of the Notre Dame clerical crop for retreats and special talks, not to mention all the outside celebrities—such as Father Gerald Vann, to name but one—who come to us out of the love of God. Or free of charge, to put it more sordidly.

None of our material, incidentally, is watered down for the benefit of those with less formal education. (Which reminds me, lest you think we're terribly lop-sided in this respect, that it so happens we have two Masters' degrees in our group: one belonging to a colored, one to a white member.) We *are* careful, however, to avoid—like a plague—anything longwinded or dull or pedantic: an excellent formula, if you ask me, for any group, any color, any race, any sex.

We also go in heavily for social "side excursions" although the element of edification behind our fine Southern hospitality, should be obvious to all. Such as the annual big tea we give for the nuns of Saint Mary's and the local parochial schools; the annual big picnic (fifty picnickers last summer), held at a local park, in order to bring our children together; meeting downtown together for lunch at a large "white man's land" tea room. Aside from the occasional rubbernecking that takes place (how we must baffle people!) no unpleasant incident has ever occurred. After all, we *are* ladies and we brandish nothing more dangerous than our raised forks.

So! Let no one think, for one little minute, that we are doggedly pursuing our way, secretly bored to death, but enduring it all for the Cause. Rather, the Cause—for which we were *prepared* to burn at the stake—has handed us so much downright fun that it doesn't quite seem orthodox. We've had wonderful times together and I can honestly say, with my hand on the new Knox bible, that I've never enjoyed any group in my whole life as much as this. Nor am I alone in my sentiments. Not a single member over the past five years has relinquished her membership: come illness, new babies, household dilemma, or bigger and better apostolic fields.

Obviously, we rather like ourselves. But has a group like this any intrinsic value in itself (outside of what *we've* gained) or any far-reaching influence?

### Small Peanuts

Actually, we're very small peanuts and we know it. Yet I feel that a community group like this, that strikes in a personal way at prejudice based on "human feelings," has every bit as



much value, in its own way, as the most triumphant passing of any civil rights legislature. The point is that laws can force people but not convert them, and legal justice—grudgingly executed—can be a cold and heart-breaking thing. (Like handing a fellow human a crust of bread on the end of a ten foot spear.) There are also too many snide and tricky ways of getting around laws.

So it's pretty important to strike at prejudice right where it hurts: the personal contact.

I have a very strong hunch that lurking behind the elaborate network of anti-Negro generalizations (lazy! shiftless! amoral! primitive! illiterate!) is the simple aversion to the Negro appearance. Else why don't we seek segregation for our white "Tobacco Road" brethren?

In one sentence, you can sum up the average decent citizen in his working philosophy: "I'm all for giving colored people a fair break—I ain't prejudiced!—but don't ask *me* to go near them."

And that's precisely what our group *does* ask. Personal contact, on a friendly and social basis, is the best and quickest remedy on the market to wipe out that colored skin aversion or even awareness. I particularly recommend it for those just souls (and I feel sorry for them) who *want* to go all the way in their Christianity but just can't get their theology and their "feelings" to kiss and make up. Can these people, I wonder, take my word for it—for I wasn't reared, you know, with an exactly flaming affinity for my unknown colored sisters—that it's silly to regard this aversion as incurable?

It can be cured practically over the weekend—if you spend that weekend getting to know some Negroes as individual personalities, not just as a race to be helped or pitied or tolerated. Even when, with your will, you "love" the whole Negro race (meaning you don't damn them to Hell), I still don't think it's enough. I'm not exactly saying that Saint Peter will bar your entry into heaven but neither do I think that the Lord in person will dust off a special chair for you. Those special chairs, they tell me, are for the generous souls.

### Home-Made Breadth

As I say, I feel sorry for those Christians who bemoan their prejudice and beat their bosoms in self-reproach, but I also say—in the same breath—that God helps those who help themselves.

What I'm also saying, still in that same breath, is that our group—in its beguiling rather than bludgeoning way—affords people this chance to help themselves. From the very beginning

we have invited guests right and left to our meetings and these guests have included the curious, the violently prejudiced, the enthusiasts, the skeptical, and those who are just blank on the subject. And how do we break down any stiffness and resistance? The great common denominator: FOOD. All God's chillun may not have shoes but they've all got stomachs. And to get prejudiced souls eating with colored people, elbow to elbow in a private home, is to chalk up a rather significant victory. Once the horrible deed has been committed, with no erasing the stigma, the Superior Whites don't seem to mind their lowered estate one bit! In fact, first thing you know, they're eating and chatting away at a great clip. Even asking for recipes.

But wouldn't a plate of tasty soda crackers, instead of the array we set forth, serve just as well? I doubt it. We got off on this lavish plane because the colored members—all excellent cooks, several of them professional cateresses—seemed to enjoy displaying their skill and heaven knows we enjoyed eating it. We soon discovered that this talent for beautiful food also had an apostolic value because, for one thing, the party atmosphere puts everything on a social basis. (Not a social *worker* basis.) And we settle qualms about gluttony by telling ourselves: "If breaking bread together is man's earliest symbol of shared equality and friendship, why not pile our plates *high* while we're about it?"

Shifting from stomachs to hearts, I would like—in conclusion—to answer a question that I hope is simmering in the subconscious of at least a few readers: "Wonder if a group like this would work in *my* community?"

All I can say is that more good inspirations are snuffed out by too much caution—that unholy caution, I mean, that leaves *nothing* to the Holy Ghost—than this world dreams of. The only reason I hesitate to offer the gilt-edged guarantee of success to others is that I strongly suspect that our group was singularly blessed, right from the start. It rather looks as if God had made smooth our path in a very particular fashion; as if He—knowing how easily we could fall flat on our faces—didn't quite dare to give us the usual rough testing of the spirit.

One is tempted to conclude, therefore, that this must have been a project dear to His heart. Isn't that enough for you to go on?

LUCILE HASLEY



PALLID ARMS APTS.

Though your soul be black

We'll let you in.

But we're not so lax

About your skin.



# I Married a Christian

Let's suppose you are a Christian, and I am a Christian—and I tell you "I love and am married to a Christian." In the best way I know I've told you I've been granted a rare, earthly perfection. In a sense, I've been feather-bedded toward Heaven! I've also told you that, as a mother, I am serene. Our household of children is directed by a husband and father devoted to the will of God. God's order, gladness in His Will, is the illuminating force in our lives.

But when my beloved and I announced our intention to marry, the privilege of this union was not so apparent to many. Some refused to believe our intention altogether. They ignored it as utterly impossible. Others honored our decision this way: "No doubt you can have a great deal of selfish happiness together, but how can you do that to your children!" And an acquaintance rushed to the rescue of my forbears: "This thing is too terrible to think of, much less to endure from one's own flesh."

What was really being ignored or honored, as the case might be, was not so much our decision to marry as its context: my beloved has African ancestors—while none are known to lurk in my family tree.

Our marriage, we were warned, would subvert God's work for the "cause" of racial justice. Neither of us would any longer be free to work for the emancipation of "his people." This word "cause" was giving everyone a lot of trouble. For us *the word* has meaning in as far as it expresses the desire to see God's will done on earth—where previously it has not been done. For us, then, it would be strange indeed not to embrace our God-given vocation *for the sake of the cause!*

The tangent grew on the other side quite as well. "Nice going," some would say, "This is the way the problem will be solved." And there were those, strangers and friends, who ventured, "It takes grace and courage to persevere as a Christian against the ways of the world." One couple, interracially married, observed, "There are no cruelties like those offered by persons who would 'save you from yourself.' When you marry, they are silenced, and the greatest hump is behind you." From the many who knew my betrothed I heard, "How fortunate you will be to marry a man of such wisdom and charity."

Isn't it interesting how many felt called upon to express an opinion . . . on a decision which necessarily and eternally rests only with my betrothed, myself and our God?

Under the weight of all this, which I was quite worldly enough to feel, I had to hew a very fine syllogism. First of all I had to remind myself that I must be willing to renounce my intention should it prove to be of my will rather than of God's. Then, with my confessor's help, I proceeded in the most rational way I knew: *Why did God make me?* To love and serve him here, and be happy with Him in Heaven. *How am I to love and serve here?* By embracing the vocation I know He has given me—marriage. *Whom am I to marry?* That person I know with all possible certainty will lead me closer and closer to God and His Church and whom He has given me the grace to love as a husband. *What about the evil consequences predicted?* If there are any, they are not willed by me nor implied by my decision. God will support me with whatever grace I need to follow His will.

You see, rationally my decision was inescapable. That should have made the action to follow easy, but it didn't. My roots were deep in life-long attachments now poised against me, and I didn't have any roots at all in a future not yet held. This was the moment sobs were wrung from me, and not the moment when our sweet children fought their way into the world. What a revelation of my own weakness. How God helps us realize our frailty when we honestly try to commit ourselves to Him! Then how he surfeits us with the grace required. We embraced the state of Holy Matrimony. This I am far more helpless to describe.

As regularly as I breathe I witness *Christianity lived* in all its little, daily ramifications. Though my husband has a full-time and a part-time job, he is always gentle and helpful with us who are so sensitive to his acts of love. Not infrequently half our month's pay-check is used to cover the rent for a straying father and his rapidly increasing family. Almost always there are two or three more than our own family at the table. Almost always we have one or two extra bedded down.

According to the pattern of things, my husband's earning capacity is profoundly affected by the fact of his color. So is his opportunity to provide us with a secure home. Though this is not what God intended for families, insecurity can help keep them close to the Lord. My husband's family before him let it be a source of grace for them. In the presence of my husband we are learning it too, simply, lovingly.

My husband suffers prayerful pity for those who are the most unjust and unkind. At the same time it is through the work of himself and others directly with the local chancery that a neighboring school admits *all* the Catholic children in the parish.

Which brings this point to mind. We live in a peaceful, interracial community. It was not always interracial, nor always peaceful. It took a lot of patience and aggressive good will to convert it from the traditional to the ideal American scene. If prayer and consecrated suffering could be measured, no doubt we'd find a good bit of these ingredients went into the struggle too. We live in a pretty, comfortable home, with rooms for all those people we feed and sleep.

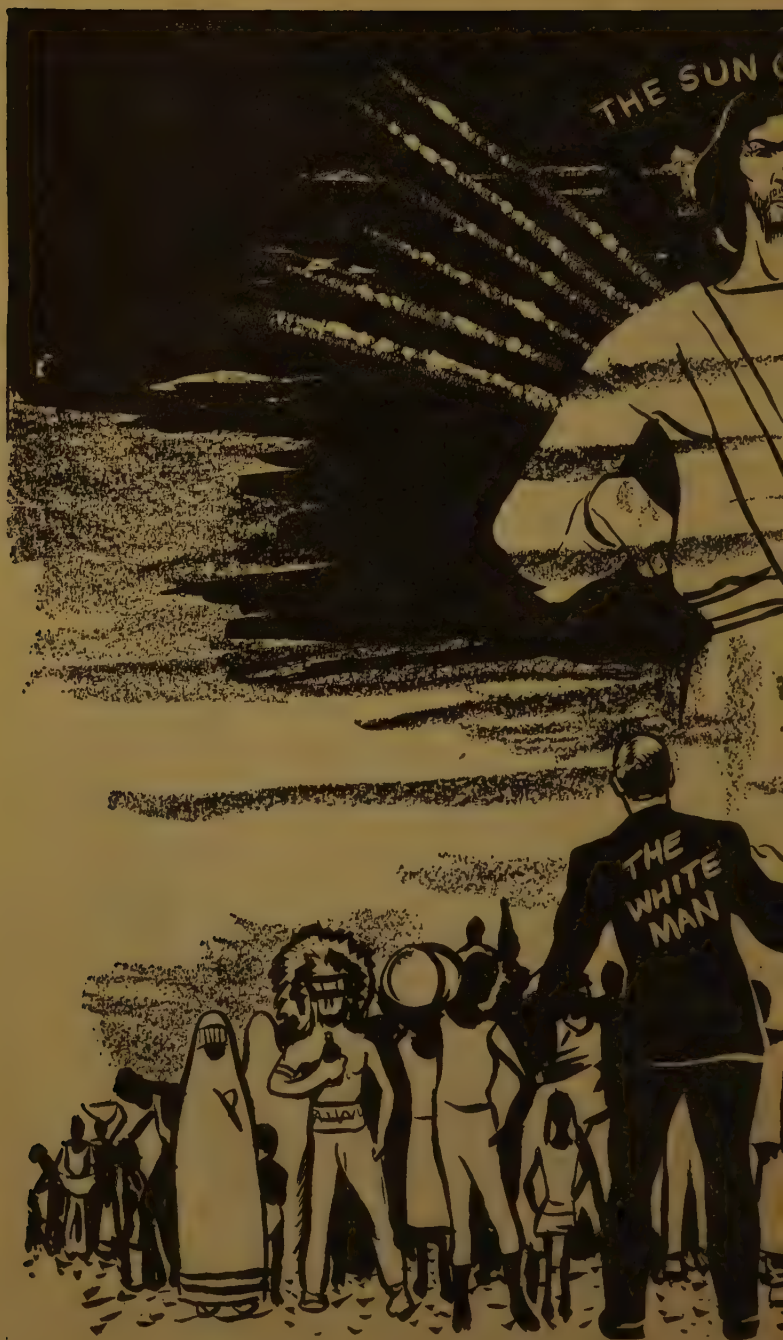
When our marriage was no more than a hope there were some who wondered what in the world my husband and I would have in common. I don't think anyone who knew both of us wondered, or anyone who had associated with colored people generally, for that matter. In addition to that bulwark of ours, a passion for a life pleasing to God, we are continually discovering common delights in the minutia of everyday living. Our professional training is nearly identical, but there is another difference: his aesthetic and intellectual tastes are more profound than mine. And he's wittier. We haven't noticed, however, that these things have made us the less compatible.

At one time I was told that if we married we wouldn't have any friends, white or colored. Even then I knew better. Where do the people who shut their neighborhoods on colored think the interracially married go? There are lots of interracially married people, among the masses *and* the classes. Just one, wide-open look at the varying hues of human pigmentation presents the evidence. When segregation is practiced, of course, it blocks the view for the many who don't happen to be interracially married, related or befriended. We have colored friends. And just as many of our friends are white. Being interested in good community living, as well as good family life, we are interested in the universal practice of religion, in politics, labor, housing, health, employment, education, in cultural development. In the active pursuit of these interests we are bound to be blessed with friends!

Among friends of the past, I can't think of any who severed communion with us as of the day of our marriage. Quite the other way, the distortion of the event by some seemed to rally friends, old and new. It does appear that many people are fed up with our diabolically racist heritage, and are cheered by a challenge met. Whether or not this is true, it is extrinsic to our marriage. Whatever good comes of it is of God's hand. As partners in marriage we are not looking for signs. But as soldiers for Christ we most certainly are.

ANN MOTT





THE WHITE MAN



RDEN

## No Greater Love

My child, cast not away  
The means of thy salvation  
But eagerly embrace  
Thy cross,  
And plod the crimson path  
Unto the holy mount  
Of martyrdom.

Glory in thy suffering  
That when earth-shadows fade  
And Holy Substance  
Is beholden,  
Thy bruised soul  
Shall be the humble token  
Of thy stern fidelity.

DOROTHY FRANCIS



## Race and the Parish

In discussing race relations there is always danger of over-emphasizing one aspect or the other. Some people are blindly optimistic, declaring that "there is no problem," while others are blindly pessimistic, unaware of the real improvements that have occurred during the last two decades. Only a detailed study of the actual conditions in a particular place can give a sound basis for judgment. The study of a normal, urban Southern parish provides a background of this kind.

Saint Mary's parish is different from parishes in the urban areas of east, west and mid-west. Almost anything that can be said about the relations between members of the Negro and white races in other parts of the country must be said differently in Saint Mary's parish.

In the first place, contact between whites and Negroes in this parish is not a new thing. It has been going on in some form or other for more than a century and a half. The religious concern which whites once showed toward Negroes by allowing them to come to church for all of the Sacraments on one Sunday of the year, has changed to one of indifference about their spiritual welfare.

The Negroes living in the territorial limits of Saint Mary's are not immigrants (as they are in Detroit, New York and other northern parishes). A hundred and fifty years ago this section was a plantation owned by an Irishman who had his slaves baptized. As the community developed into a small town and the Negroes achieved freedom they remained within range of the church. Now the parish covers a section of the large city and Negroes are more or less dispersed throughout the area. At the present time no white home is more than three city blocks removed from the nearest Negro residence.

In spite of such residential propinquity the Negro Catholics have "their own church." The genesis of this separation of church and church throws an interesting historical spotlight on the problem of Catholic parochial solidarity. German and French factions existed in the parish until 1870, when their disagreements ended in the establishment of separate national parishes on opposite sides of the street. For almost thirty years this separation continued, and the Negroes attended the French church for the most part. Nationalistic rivalries were diminishing when the Bishop sent a new pastor with the express commission of uniting the parish. Everyone was urged to cooperate "like one big happy

family' 'to build a new church five blocks away. For ten years there was hopeful co-operation and growing enthusiasm. The new church was completed, and the old church was given to the Negroes—for twenty thousand dollars!

There are still a few elderly Negro women who never accepted this "gift." They attend Mass at Saint Mary's church. There are probably thousands of other Negroes who have been lost to the faith because of this separation. The loss is indicated by the following fact: at one time practically every Negro family in the parochial territory was Catholic; at the present time only 24.35 percent of them are Catholics. There are now twenty-one Protestant churches taking care of the 3,906 Protestant Negroes.

This segregation of Catholic Negroes from Catholic whites is undoubtedly responsible for the loss of many Negro Catholics from the Church. (The handful of white Catholics who threaten to leave the Church unless segregation is maintained is pitifully small.) Let us see briefly what the present situation is and then attempt to analyze the factors of change.

### **The Present Situation**

Saint Mary's "does not encourage" the attendance of Negroes at the parish church. Almost twenty years ago, before the present pastor took office, the priests occasionally announced from the pulpit that "Negroes have a parish of their own and are expected to support it." As far as can be ascertained the present pastor never allowed such announcements. He does not have a sign in the church reserving a section for Negroes. On the other hand Negroes are not allowed into the pews. This means that those who come must sit on a bench along the rear wall (large enough for five) or stand. They may kneel only on the stone floor.

In spite of this crude arrangement for the exclusion of Negroes there have been many instances when they did enter the pews. Sometimes, especially at the evening services, this went unnoticed by the ushers and other white persons. Several Negroes come to Confession at Saint Mary's on Saturdays, take their place in the line, go up to the altar rail or one of the front pews to pray. Other instances were not so happy.

On Good Friday afternoon the sexton, an old man from the country, came into the church and saw a Negro boy kneeling in the last pew on the left. He went over to him and said, "Hey boy, get out of that seat." Then he came over to our observer and said, "See that boy sitting in that pew? Next time he'd be sitting with the white folks. I don't like them niggers. See, he'll go home and tell the other nigger boys that he sat with white

folks." This same sexton had previously been reprimanded by the pastor for telling a limousine chauffeur at a funeral, "Hey, nigger, get that car out of there!"

The attitude of the priests is shown in the following report of our observer, who told them about the sexton's discourtesy to the little Negro boy on Good Friday. "At my suggestion that there is no place in the Catholic Church for segregation, and that it might be a good idea to remove the 'Negro bench' and have them sit in the regular pews, the pastor said it couldn't be done. If that is allowed, the uneducated ones will come in and take advantage of it. They would not go to their own church. There would be complaints by the white people, who would give this as a reason for going to other parish churches and generally missing Mass. We would lose our good congregation. . . . Father Dominic agreed that there is an important distinction between educated and uneducated Negroes. Father Paul said nothing except to observe that the country white folks are much harder on the Negro than city whites. . . . The sum of the priests' opinion seemed to be: The Negro must be educated and then he will know his place, follow custom, get more advantages by his deferential and gentle attitude."

On every Sunday, particularly at the earlier Masses, several Negroes come to Saint Mary's and also receive Holy Communion. There is never any attempt to prevent them from approaching the altar rail, although they do tend to come to the end of the rail at the epistle side. This puts them in a position to receive Communion before the whites who happen to be kneeling at the rail at the same time. Occasionally a white person is heard to grumble at this practice, but there have been no "incidents" in this connection.

The best that can be said of the attendance of Negroes at Saint Mary's is that they are tolerated. The priests neither say nor do anything to discourage them completely. The great mass of the parishioners seem to be indifferent to their presence in Church. A few isolated individuals are violently opposed to Negroes. A relatively small group of parishioners are actively interested in integrating Negroes completely into the parish.

As far as can be ascertained from numerous interviews with both priests and people of Saint Mary's parish, the following three "reasons" justify the denial of facilities to Negroes: (1) If you lose parishioners by granting them the facilities; (2) if they are communists; (3) if they want mixed gatherings. These three propositions represent the pastor's views, as they are understood



by the parishioners. Their inter-connection and meaning seem to be something like this:

"Anyone who is in favor of meetings and gatherings at which both races are in attendance, must be a communist. Everyone knows that the communists are in favor of such mixed gatherings because they just want to stir up trouble. Negroes are beginning to ask for such things, therefore communism must be rife among them. Any white person in favor of it is either a communist or a deluded fellow-traveler. Now, it is obvious that you can't have radical goings-on in a Catholic parish. The people would stay away in droves; they resent this sort of thing. When the people don't come to church, the collections fall off. And so, you are justified in keeping Negroes out of the church and out of all parish activities."

### **The Changing Situation**

It must be understood that this weak rationalization is thrown in the path of constantly improving race relations. It does not represent the thinking of all the parishioners, many of whom are making advances in both their attitudes and behavior. Ten years ago the majority of parishioners would have said that the removal of segregation is unthinkable. Now the majority take the stand, "It's coming, but I don't like it." What has happened in this short decade to bring about this change?

Certainly, time alone has not improved race relations. The people who said, "Leave things alone. Things will work themselves out," are still saying it. But there are enough dissatisfied people, both inside and outside the parish, who are unwilling to sit back and "let time take its course." These are the people who are making the changes, who are pressing for improvement, who are using time to good advantage.

Quite outside the direct religious influence of Saint Mary's church there is a series of social factors at work on the race problem. The labor unions in the area are propagandizing against racial discrimination and already have some mixed unions. Various civic clubs have successfully encouraged registration and voting by large numbers of Negroes. The Urban League has been prodding for more employment opportunities and the NAACP has been winning legal suits. Most of the veterans seem to have benefitted from a broader philosophy of human relations. The younger parishioners, still in high school and college, are enjoying a more liberal understanding of social problems.

Inside the Church there are also encouraging influences for better race relations. The diocesan seminary has been opened to

Negro candidates for the priesthood, and the seminarians themselves are learning a more factual approach to social problems. The younger clergy in the city are native Southerners, a fact which puts them in a psychologically advantageous position. This point is worth elaborating a bit. In previous times one heard the argument that "outsiders" try to push things too fast in race relations. Now some of the lay people say that foreign-born priests are so conservative that they do not recognize the changes all around them, and are a drag on the tempo of change in race relations.

A most important factor is the Bishop's repeated instructions concerning the spiritual ministrations to Negroes. He is against segregation within the Church, has insisted for years that there must be no signs and no separate sections or pews for Negroes. The Sisters teaching in Saint Mary's parochial school and in other schools are making a deliberate effort to spell out Catholic teaching on human relations for the children. Some of the most active members of the Catholic Interracial Council and of the city's non-sectarian Committee on Race Relations come from Saint Mary's parish.

Perhaps the continuing and combined result of all these factors may be summed up by the observation made by one of the laymen of the parish: "Those who were aggressively against the Negro are now on the defensive. There's been a shift in the direction of our thinking. Now the anti-segregation people are on the move. Instead of trying to justify segregation and the status quo, more and more people are realizing that the Mystical Body and segregation don't go together. The offensive has definitely changed hands."

### **The Parish is the Place**

Theoretically one may argue that in this Southern urban area the parish is the place where the problem of race relations must ultimately be worked out. This does not mean that efforts at other levels are unnecessary. Educational, religious, political, legal, economic, recreational and organizational programs on a city-wide and diocesan level must be carried on simultaneously. But ultimately race relations are relations between people who live as neighbors in the parochial territory. Here too is the testing ground of Christian principles. The social virtues of love and justice stand or fall by the test of daily association of people.

Saint Mary's parish has an especially desirable social environment for the actual practice of these virtues between the races. The old church, now called Saint Benedict's, is only five blocks away although it embraces a territory approximately three times

larger than the parish of Saint Mary's. In the various sub-neighborhoods of the parish the relations between Negro and white families are generally amicable. Frequently the small children of both races are seen playing with each other. The middle class white families hire Negro women as part-time cooks and maids and baby-sitters. There is very little contact between the better educated Negroes and the white people.

From a theoretical point of view it would seem that the basic approach of religious unity could be stressed in these circumstances. Since 60.49 percent of the whites and 24.35 percent of the Negroes in the area are baptized Catholics, they would probably benefit most by the religious influence of both Saint Mary's and Saint Benedict's. White Sisters in Saint Mary's school and Negro Sisters in St. Benedict's school are able to teach their respective pupils the importance of good neighborly conduct between the races, and some of them are actually doing this. The priests of the two parishes are cordial and mutually helpful.

Beyond all else, it is obvious that the lines of segregation must be broken down at strictly religious functions. As long as the present distinctions are made between churches for whites and churches for Negroes, it will be practically impossible to fuse the organizations and activities of Holy Name Societies, Sodalities, Vincent de Paul Societies and so forth in both parishes. But this does not mean that nothing can be done. The preaching of the doctrine of the Mystical Body is necessary in both pulpits. The promotion of better understanding between the races can be carried on at the meetings of parochial organizations at both churches.

Finally, the scandal of separate worship for the races must be removed. Fifty years ago the cleavage between French and German Catholics was removed by order of the Bishop. The good sense of the parishioners approved unification among white Catholics. But at the same time there was created a cleavage between Negro and white Catholics. The episcopal order has gone out for the removal of segregation within each parish church, but not for the amalgamation of the two parishes. Will another half-century pass before the good sense of the parishioners demands an undivided parish under a single pastor?

TAD ECKAM





### PATRIOTIC RESERVATIONS

Red, white and blue,  
We love you true.  
But if you're dark,  
Too bad for you.

## Not All Magnolias

A lot of people like to think of the South as a fairy-land place of dreams and music, with a background of magnolias for a theme—soft music, soft living and sentiment. They don't know about the blazing summer sun and choking dust and the salty sweat that pours down a dark people who labor day after day to make this picture possible. They don't know about the fears and hates that simmer always just beneath the surface of "Southern hospitality," boiling up at irregular intervals into Southern hostility between white and black or brown. They don't know about the poverty—that frightening material, spiritual and intellectual poverty which has set its mark on the Southern "poor white" and Negro, and crippled not only effort but charity and hope as it reaches into the inmost recesses of his life, his home, his work, even his church and his faith.

Not long ago I was talking to one of the priests in a "colored" parish here in the heart of the South. We were talking about the Church and the Negro and about lay Catholic action. We were both deploring the fact that although ours is a rather large parish in a rather large city, there is very little interest on the part of the Negroes in the Church and Catholic action. On the contrary, if you have ever read Bernanos' *Diary of a Country Priest* you are constantly being struck by the similarities between our parish and the one therein described. It also seems "eaten up by boredom" and "waiting too—without much hope after so many nights in the mud—for a master to follow toward some undreamed of and improbable shelter."

You can feel their sadness and boredom as a creeping weariness and oldness, and sense their poverty like a soul's destitution. And you want to shout at them that the thing they need for all hope and real joy is at their fingertips, theirs for the asking. But you know they won't ask because they don't even know they don't have it. Their greatest poverty is their ignorance of their poverty.

So you remain silent, trying to understand. And you pray for their blindness and your own and ask for grace to see.

Father must have felt something of this because he seemed a little discouraged. He is a good man and a good priest and he loves these people, yet in many ways he has failed to reach them. There is still some barrier between him and them which he has not managed to cross, and which he could not understand or explain.

I couldn't entirely explain it either, but I could explain a part and did, because with him you can.

"You are a priest and you are white. It's hard for 'outsiders' to know what those things mean to the Southern Negro," I said.

It is hard to explain too, in part, though not entirely. For the most part the South has little love but only distrust, suspicion and even hate for the Church and things Catholic. The Southern Negro has borrowed this attitude from his white neighbor whose Protestant culture is his heritage. His attitude of distrust, etc., has been further strengthened by Catholics whose attitude and treatment toward him, with few exceptions outside the clergy, is no different from the Protestants around him who make no claim of believing in the Mystical Body or equality of man before God but who often claim "white supremacy" as God-instituted. And while the Church continues teaching these things, he sees Catholic schools, hospitals, orphanages, even churches, closed to him and his. So unless he already sees the Church as one, universal, and holy, it's hard to make him believe that. And that's why he is suspicious of the Church and her priests.

Which brings us down to the question of color. We hear a lot about racial prejudice of white people against Negro people; however, the reverse of this is too often ignored. Maybe it is because some consider the latter in some measure justified. I think it is in some measure explained but not justified. How can hate be justified when God says "love your enemies" and gave us His own example?

No, we must look at this side of the problem also from a realistic and Christian point of view. Our society is impregnated with hate and distrust, saturated with it, infected and poisoned by it like a rotten, wormy fruit. It's no wonder we have grown old and sad; we've forgotten how to love. White people look down contemptuously upon the Negro and hurt him, trying to "keep him in his place." The Negro looks with bitterness and envy at the white and tries to "get even" by giving back hurt for hurt, sometimes reaching the innocent and helpless in unreasoned, illogical fury. And nothing is gained but more hate, more tension, more bitterness. Yet the only way we can solve the "Negro Problem" and make it possible for peoples whose skins are different to live together as if color didn't matter (since it doesn't) is to learn to love again, in the Christian sense of the word. Neither tolerance nor justice are possible in a society impregnated with fear and hate. There can be no substitute for love because "God is Love" and we only learn to practice those virtues which make



a Christian society possible in proportion as we share His life and love and make our life and love conform to it.

In this learning, the white people have a part and Negroes have a part, but it is the Negroes' part that concerns me since I am a Negro. I quote here a recent letter from a friend:

"Our task does not demand that we make some appreciable change in the order around us, rather it demands that we sanctify ourselves within the circumstances about us and try to change them as much as we can. What good we effect must be the by-product of our own sanctity or it will not be lasting."

That means we must use every means compatible with Christian teaching (and only those means) to fight against racial bigotry, intolerance and injustice. At the same time we must realize that we cannot oppose the present order of things unless we are willing to bear some personal suffering and make some personal sacrifices ourselves—for these things are necessary, a part of the fight. And we must realize that we probably will not make any appreciable change in our generation in the present order of things in our society. Still, if we will only plant the seeds of change by our own teaching and example, these will bear fruit in some near tomorrow. Although that is a big job, it doesn't require big people, just little people filled with and co-operating with the grace of God.

Meanwhile since these difficult circumstances for the Negro still exist, we must learn to sanctify ourselves within them. Actually, there never was a more golden opportunity for growth in sanctity for any people, if we will use our circumstances for that. Some saints like Elizabeth of Portugal and Francis of Assisi had to look for humiliations to embrace; we do not have to look, they seek us out. In a society like the South's where every day's normal living has its humiliations, we can learn humility, remembering at such times that Christ also was humbled for our sakes, stripped of His dignity as a Man, naked to the scorn and derision of men.

In a world grown sterile and frozen with hates and fears we can give the warm fertility of our own courage and love to conceive and bring forth peace. Although many have forgotten how to forgive, we can remember, realizing in our sufferings, as Our Lord realized in His Sufferings that "they know not what they do." Things have not changed; Love is still crucified, and it is the same Man dying again on the Cross that is our lives.

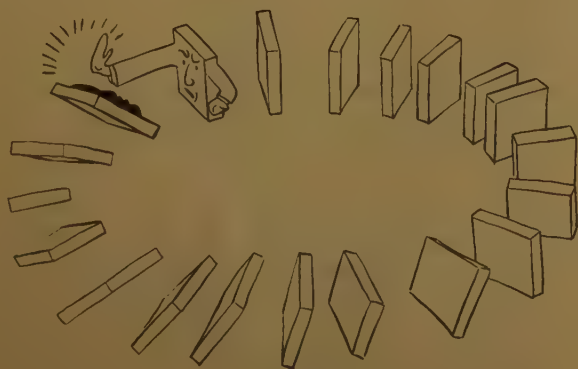
That is why we can forgive and go on loving in our suffering because it is not our suffering but His as well, and He has forgiven and gone on loving.

It is this which we must remember in all our sufferings and humiliations, each time we are forced to submit ourselves to those indignities, injustices and inequalities which are a part of our life. These things can be borne with charity—or Christ would not have asked that we bear them with charity. Somewhere within our reach there must be grace enough to enable us to forgive our enemies—or He could not have asked us to forgive those who trespass against us and pray for those who persecute us. If it were not possible for us to love those who hate us, He could not have said "Love your enemies . . . for if you love those who love you, what thanks have you, for sinners also love those who love them." He has not asked any more from us than He suffered as man. And the way He has asked that we regard these things is the way He has regarded them.

This is not, as some would have us believe, a means of rationalization; it is simply a means of recognizing and accepting what is. Religion is not the opium of the people, but its meat and drink. It is no mere fantasy or romanticism that the Son of God became Incarnate and lived, suffered and died, thus giving us a share in His Mystical Body and rendering us capable of assisting in His act of redemption by the offering of our own lives with all their joys and suffering in union with His. It is no mere wishful thought that we have become children of God, "heirs indeed with Christ," with the privileges and responsibilities or obligations of Sons of Our Father in making His Kingdom Come.

I said it was not all magnolias. But there are some.

HELEN CALDWELL



DISCRIMINATION

## Sandpaper-Sonnet

Each step I take is trod bare-soled on stubble,  
I turn and twist all night on restless straw,  
Soft seedlings plant, to die, in roughest rubble,  
Long needed water in broken bucket draw.

All freshness faded powders at last to dust,  
Great rocks eroded fall to finest sand,  
Soon my soul with irritation loaded must  
Fade and fall to pieces in your hand.

Why feed loving lips only such rugged fare?  
And from the struggling breast keep deep breath of air?  
This small work just made will you unmake today?  
Or do you scrape and file, chisel and chip away  
Because the roughness is not yours but mine?  
Rub then, that this stone may like a jewel shine.

MARION MITCHELL STANCIOFF



## Quiet But Uncompromising

**NO POSTPONEMENT**

**By John La Farge, S.J.**

**Longmans, \$3.00**

There are several ways of approaching the problem of our injustice to the Negro. Quite a bit is to be said for the noisy way which keeps flinging the inhumanity and irrationality of the situation into the faces of people who like to think they are respectable and good. There is also a great deal to be said for the quiet, persistent effort which works at the sources, as quietly as possible, and without fanfare. Father La Farge is the exemplar of this second way. He is a gentleman. He is uncompromising. He has a universal charity. He has worked in the interracial apostolate the better part of his priestly life.

Father La Farge's chief instrument has been the Interracial Councils, which he founded. They are local groups of Negroes and whites who meet to discuss interracial problems, who go to Mass and Communion together and have retreats together, and who do what they can to better race relationships and the lot of the Negro. There are Councils in thirteen cities. The fact that they do not call the attention of the general Catholic body to themselves is no indication that they are ineffective. One example will suffice to show what good work they do.

The American Negro is congenitally anti-Catholic, having absorbed an unthinking prejudice from his Protestant masters. The prejudice was automatically reflected in the Negro Press (200 newspapers and magazines at present). The Interracial Councils undertook to instruct, correct and inform the editors about Catholic affairs through friendly correspondence. Over a period of ten years they have succeeded in changing the whole attitude of the Negro press and dispelling the prejudice.

*No Postponement* is not just about the Interracial Councils, but contains Father La Farge's reflections on the interracial apostolate as a whole. Some things may particularly interest those who have not followed interracialism too closely.

Take the matter of prejudice in Catholic colleges. Manhattanville's decision to admit Negro girls is described here. I remember hearing about it at the time, for it had its dramatic aspects. First of all, the decision was taken on strictly religious rather than secular grounds. The exclusion of Negro girls was not compatible with the Church's teachings on the Mystical Body, and that was that. The Catholic Action students drew up some resolutions on the subject. The students and the alumnae were queried. The former were all for admitting a Negro girl. The alumnae protested. Reverend Mother Dammann stood firm, and justice prevailed. Similar action has been taken by other colleges since.

Then there is the question of the communist approach to interracialism. Superficially they seem to do much better than we because, quite obviously, they mingle freely with Negroes and practice no discrimination. Oddly enough, the official Kremlin program is not anti-segregation (which is the Catholic program) but the establishment of a "Negro nation" somewhat parallel to Israel for the Jews, and presumably to be situated in the South of the United States. American communist leaders have not pushed this program too enthusiastically, feeling it will

be unpopular with most Negroes, but so far the Kremlin has refused to change the party line.

Another thing, Negroes are sick of being domestics. The fact that they have been limited largely to this field has meant in practice that the wives have gone out to work (and then came home and did their own housework) while the men loafed because they could not find work, and the children, neglected, fell into delinquency.

The beginning and the end of this book may throw one off for they are dull. In them Father La Farge deals mostly with politics and national ideals. When he finds a ringing tribute to the deity at the end of a presidential address the patriotism in him is stirred. Perhaps I belong to a more cynical generation for I see in my mind's eye some tired, irreligious ghost writer mechanically appending a hackneyed bit of political piety.

PETER MICHAELS

## Victim Soul

### THE SPIRITUAL LEGACY OF SISTER MARY OF THE HOLY TRINITY

Edited by Rev. Silvere Van Den Broek, O.F.M.

Newman, \$3.50

The reason for the delay in reviewing this book (publication date, June

13th) is simply that I couldn't finish reading it. It provided me with so much material for meditation that the harder I tried, the slower it went. Now that I'm finally through I would be quite happy, and find it very profitable, to begin it all over again, were it not for the waiting line of prospective borrowers.

What is so remarkable about the book? Perhaps it just happens to be to my taste and would not be to yours. However, I prefer to think that it is in a special way a guide to *contemporary spirituality*, as I shall presently try to show. Meanwhile, let me say something about the nun whose spiritual legacy it is.

Sister Mary of the Holy Trinity died as a Poor Clare in Jerusalem (in the convent where Charles de Foucauld was once the gardener) in 1942, when she was 41 years old. She had only been there four years. Her whole life centered around her religious vocation. A French-Swiss, she was the daughter of a Protestant missionary to Africa, but reared in Europe by relatives. Outwardly her life wasn't very exciting: A great affection for her family, from whom she was separated most of the time, her conversion, a succession of positions as governess or companion, recurrent tuberculosis, and vain efforts to enter seemingly hundreds of convents, also three false tries at the religious life. She was sent away from one place on account of her health, from another for reporting its irregularities to the superiors, and she left the third (a secular institute) of her own volition, in search of the cloister. Inwardly her life was one long effort to fulfill a vocation presaged by a vision in her girlhood. She was literally drawn into the Church by the power of attraction of the Eucharist, and guided to Jerusalem by a thousand detours and uncertainties (but when she finally arrived and went to the Poor Clare convent to pray, a nun came out and asked her to join the community, as though it were prearranged). Christ spoke to her interiorly almost from the time of her conversion (she was so uninstructed and naive that she thought it

appened to everyone). In the Poor Clares Christ had her write down what He said, which is the spiritual legacy. This book is edited by her spiritual director in Jerusalem.

The revelations are mostly about practical, everyday affairs of the spiritual life. Christ tells Sister Mary how she will become holy and what she has done wrong and why, and how to bring harmony into the convent. You don't have to be a nun to transfer the advice into your own life.

Recurring emphasis is on being an instrument of God's work. Christ keeps saying to her, "Let *Me* direct your life." Once He points out that many people give all their time and energy and zeal to God, but they serve Him according to their own plan, rather than giving Him the whole direction of their lives so that He can act in them. He says these people will be rewarded for their generosity, but that their lives will not bear the fruit that His work would have.

It is this that I think is the characteristic note of the new spirituality. Of course it has always been a part of the Church's teaching, but it needs re-emphasizing in our day.

Sister Mary of the Holy Trinity took a special vow of Victim, which meant not only that she offered to suffer for souls, but that she abandoned herself in a special way to the direction of Christ. He said to her:

I desire these victims to be everywhere: in the world and in the cloisters; in every occupation, in every station of life, in the fields and in the factories, in schools and in stores, in families and in convents, in business and in the arts, everywhere . . . so that their fidelity may bear witness to My words.

At another time He summed up what He asked of those who bind themselves in the Vow of Victim. These points seem to me to be a sort of *summa* of apostolic spirituality.

- 1) To listen to *Me* more than to speak to *Me* (which must mean that we are to be contemplatives and not just pious people reciting a lot of prayers).
- 2) To strive to reproduce My actions—My way of acting rather than My words (here is the concept of "bearing witness," as opposed to apologetics).
- 3) To be before men as they are before God, in a state of poverty that begs—not in a state of spiritual wealth that gives alms of its superfluity. . . . (This seems to be in the spirit of A.A.'s slogan, "There but for the grace of God. . . ." People are so discouraged that they will only turn away from someone who finds temperance easy, knowing it is not for them. But if they see a person as weak as they are, or weaker, whom God protects, one day at a time, against drunkenness, they will be inspired to beg for grace. This doesn't apply only to alcoholism. Take marriage, for instance. The "perfect marriage" which has health and house and security is not the one which inspires, but the one which has everything against it and succeeds none the less because God holds it together.)
- 4) To confine their efforts to spreading My Spirit, My gentleness, and My kindness which does not dwell on evil, but overcomes evil by good. By being exacting with no one but themselves, they



will help souls, by their silence and their respect, to receive the graces which their fidelity and their sacrifices will obtain from God. (This is the hard lesson that the world will be won by love and that there is no other way to elicit good will. In another place Christ said that you cannot be too kind to people, the only way you can fail them is by not asking of them what God asks. Perhaps we need this last reminder in America where it isn't so much kindness that is lacking sometimes, but the realization of the person's destiny—take for example the euthanasiaists.)

Sister Mary of the Holy Trinity died, as Christ said she would, suddenly and quietly, without any agony. Our Lord also said that she would die when she was ready, that is, perfected. The fact that she had some faults is reassuring to the reader. Certainly Christ gave her no reason to be proud, although He constantly reminded her of His great love. Her death is a characteristic statement:

Yes, you are the most unworthy in the convent, when I consider your sins; you are the least capable of all, when I consider what you do. Nevertheless I speak to you more than to the others: your unworthiness has attracted Me; I wish to save you from yourself.

As a matter of fact, Sister Mary of the Holy Trinity's life in itself is an example of a beggar before God. She seems not to have sinned seriously ever, but she did a lot of fumbling and some of her decisions with respect to her family seem to have been, though heroic, ill-advised and harsh. God not only guided her for many years with all the meanderings up blind alleys, but He also pulled a lot of her chestnuts out of the fire. It fortifies one's faith in God's guiding hand in our own lives, despite all the ruts and detours.

CAROL JACKSON

## Fides Quaerens Intellectum

**HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY, Vol. II**  
**AUGUSTINE TO SCOTUS**  
 By Frederick Copleston, S.J.  
 Newman, \$4.50

**A SHORT HISTORY**  
**OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY**  
**IN THE MIDDLE AGES**  
 By S. J. Curtis  
 Newman, \$3.25

The recovery of the intellectual history of the middle ages, which is certainly one of the great accomplishments of the historical scholarship of the last seventy-eight years, now approaches something like completion. It is therefore fitting that general handbooks and surveys

of the period, roughly a thousand years of our cultural past, should be made available, bringing together the results of the patient work of many specialists. Father Copleston's survey of philosophy from Augustine to Scotus approaches perfection in filling the needs of the general student of the period. It is very good reading despite its weighty subject matter, is admirable in its scholarship, carefully organized, and well-written. As the second in a projected four-volume series presenting the history of Western philosophy from Thales to the present day, this volume draws upon the author's thorough grasp of classical and modern systems for illuminating comparisons. The great figures are taken chronologically,

the Fathers, Augustine, Eriugena, Anselm, the Islamic and Jewish transmitters and commentators, Bonaventure, Thomas, and Scotus. There are separate chapters for lesser figures and movements; the Pseudo-Dionysius, the Carolingian Renaissance, the school of Chartres, Siger of Brabant, the Oxford Franciscans. The author has wisely chosen to include a minimum of sociological and biographical background on the valid assumption that intellectual history carries its own *rationale* for the most part. Father Copleston is a philosopher and theologian in his own right, and his scholarship is free from the tepid cataloguing and mechanical recording of men and books which is the besetting sin of many a history of philosophy. This is primarily a book of ideas cast in an accurate historical framework.

In treating the work of Augustine, Thomas, Bonaventure, and Scotus, the author discusses each system under the topics of epistemology, metaphysics, psychology, ethics, and political theory in turn. He seldom fails to make understandable the most difficult passages in the originals (a possible exception being the most subtle of the distinctions of Duns Scotus, *Doctor Subtilis*, which presumably no one will ever make entirely lucid). Few, if any, readers will object to the relatively greater attention given to the Thomistic synthesis than to the other great systematizers (131 pages for Aquinas as compared with 75 for Scotus who comes next in length). It is safe to predict that this volume will for many years fill the need for a compact treatment of the development of medieval thought, displacing in usefulness its predecessors by de Wulf, H. O. Taylor, and Gilson.

The *leitmotif* running through the history is the best discussion of the problem of faith and reason I have ever come across. The crucial question of the relation of revealed theology and natural reason is still a burning issue in Western intellectual life today, as M. Gilson has so often reminded us. Father Copleston rather minimizes the battle between the Augustinians and the Thomists of the thirteenth century, pointing up very convincingly the agreement, rather than the antagonism, of Saint Bonaventure and Saint Thomas. "Saint Bonaventure emphasized far more than Saint Thomas the insufficiency of independent philosophy. . . . All the same Saint Thomas himself did not believe that a purely independent philosophy would be, in actual fact and practice, completely satisfactory, and he, like Saint Bonaventure, was primarily a theologian." Father Copleston admits readily that the logical and methodological separation between philosophy and theology which was characteristic of the Thomistic revolution in the schools—what he calls "Saint Thomas' formal charter to philosophy"—meant that eventually philosophy would go her own way, although certainly Saint Thomas of all men would have deprecated the divorce between faith and reason as we find it in the modern world. Father Copleston concedes that "the most that the phrase 'Christian philosophy' can legitimately mean is a philosophy compatible with Christianity." There have always, of course, been Christians who hated philosophy, who inquired what business Jerusalem has at Athens, who see Saint Paul and Aristotle as mortal enemies. Even the author of the *Imitation*, in preferring to feel compunction rather than to know the definition of it, seems to argue that it is not possible or desirable to do both. Certainly we can see that since the failure of the Thomistic synthe-

sis to effect a lasting reconciliation of the philosophers and the theologians, the whole development of Western thought has been profoundly influenced by their antagonism. But can we go along with those modern Augustinians, like Karl Adam, who tend to lay the blame for the modern divorce between reason and faith at the door of the Thomists because they admitted the existence of an autonomous natural philosophy with a limited competence in its own sphere apart from theology? Father Copleston's history makes abundantly clear that from the time of the Latin Averroists, if not from that of Anselm or Abelard the breach between philosophy and theology was a *fait accompli* within Christendom itself. It was surely the low level of speculation in the dark ages rather than any victory of religious faith over "mere philosophy," which lent appearance of unanimity to the intellectual life of the early middle ages. The recovery of Greek thought and the revival of academic speculation in the West was bound to have brought with it not only those thinkers who would put forth new claims in the name of natural reason, but probably also those, of whom there were not a few, who would explicitly deny the validity of the Scriptures in the same name. Saint Thomas found a situation in which the thinkers of his day were challenging revelation with natural theology and metaphysics, and he replied with a Christian philosophy which made reason and faith compatible, while delimiting their respective areas of competence. It is a curious fact that those who least approved his synthesis and renewed their insistence upon the overriding claims of theology and supernatural illumination and mystical experience, served in the long run only to exacerbate the quarrel between religion and philosophy. Historically those traditions in the Church, like the Franciscan, which have tended to be predominantly fideistic and mystical have fostered nominalistic and anti-metaphysical philosophies, and have shown an affinity for empirical sciences. In an age of faith such traditions did religion the greatest of service. But in an age like that from which we are presently emerging, when science has claimed for itself the same omnipotence which theology claimed in the twelfth century, some form of realistic philosophy (in the medieval sense) seems a necessary support for religion. Fundamentalism in modern times has not succeeded in suppressing the claims of natural reason, but only in diverting them into anti-religious channels. It would appear that Saint Thomas' tactics were wisest after all—to acknowledge the limited autonomy of the natural reason and use it in support of revealed religion so far as it will go.

S. J. Curtis' *Short History of Western Philosophy* necessarily suffers somewhat in comparison with Father Copleston's book. It is just half the length and I am in doubt as to whether the added convenience of its shortness is not offset by its summary treatment of some of the philosophers with which it deals, for instance Augustine. Presumably written for use as an introductory text in medieval philosophy at the college level, it should fill this limited purpose well, providing chronology, commentary, and bibliography on all the major figures from Augustine through Ockham. Curtis adds a useful chapter on the medieval mystics considered apart from the formal philosophers and theologians. The chapters on Saint Thomas are excellent, especially the discussion of the moral and political writings.

EDWIN HALSEY

## Purgatory

**THE SUPPLICATION OF SOULS**  
By St. Thomas More  
Edited by Sister M. Thecla, S.C.  
Newman, \$2.50

Cuthbert Tunstall, Bishop of London in the year 1529, had an advantage that prelates of this equally controversial age might find fortunate. While

the Reformers were flooding England with bitter attacks on Catholic clergy and doctrine, Tunstall could turn for refutation of their libels to a layman before whose pen even heretics might quake.

*The Supplication of Souls*, now reprinted for the first time, was written in answer to a crude piece of scurrility called *The Supplication for Beggars*, published by one Simon Fish, Tyndale's supporter. It accused the clergy of depriving the poor of temporal goods and denied the existence of Purgatory.

Thomas More was then one of King Henry's Councillors and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster—a very busy man. Working late at night he answered the charges in two parts which are quite unrelated and of which the second, in defense of the doctrine of Purgatory, is by far the best reading for today. It is in fact so fine that we can overlook many peculiarities of hastily-written sixteenth-century prose and even be thankful for the attack that brought them forth.

With a lawyer's wit and a saint's ardor, More argues the existence of Purgatory with eleven proofs from reason and authority (This reader had never heard a single one of them before!). The concluding pages are an eloquent and very moving plea to the living on behalf of the suffering souls to pray and make alms-offerings for their deliverance.

ELIZABETH M. SHEEHAN

## The New Daily

**THE SUN HERALD, National Edition**  
\$1.25 a month, \$14.00 a year  
Kansas City 6, Missouri

Seeing the first issue of *The Sun Herald* (which really was published on the promised date of October

10th) was like witnessing an incarnation. All those long-debated ideas about what a Christian newspaper really is, finally took a body, or rather took a daily, 8-page (will be twelve when the machines get working right), tabloid-size expression. On the basis of the first three issues we can definitely say that the ideas have come to life. The paper is a personality, not just a hodge-podge of borrowed ideas. It's something new, and very interesting.

Critics of the project always feared *The Sun Herald* would slant its news in an illegitimate way. Well, it doesn't slant the news at all. There is not a suggestion of that biased type of reporting so often (alas!) found in diocesan papers. On the other hand, it is a frankly Christian paper, making no bones about the values it cherishes, putting up no elaborate pretense of not knowing good from evil. I think it is this welcome sense of values and meaning that gives so much warmth and friendliness to the paper. Secularism has really been banished, along with commercialism. The mood of the paper is good-humored and light. The editors take the world seriously, but not themselves. They are frank, but not heavy with a crusading spirit.



Another pre-publication false impression was that a Christian newspaper should be quite a bit like the *Christian Science Monitor*, though why anyone should think so is a mystery. Anyhow, it isn't.

The national edition is understandably rather heavily dependent now on one of the large news services, but special articles by their own correspondents and their foreign editor, Isabel de la Vega, have already taken the edge of unintelligibility off some of this news. The editorials are excellent. So are the special articles. We are glad to see that *The Sun Herald* is going to plunge into that never-never land of the commercial newspapers (how they do defer to their advertisers!) and report on federal investigations of the fraudulent claims of patent medicines and processed foodstuffs. They are also frank on the subject of race relationships. In this connection I remember hearing of a blatant anti-Negro incident in Chicago which even the intercession of prominent Catholic newspapermen couldn't force into the daily papers.

It is the features of the new daily which will probably do the most for its circulation in the beginning. They seem to be habit-forming. "Herself at Home" is a daily column by Peggy Wink, familial and interesting. It's a sort of Catholic version of Edgar Guest—simple and homey like his stuff, but instead of being sentimental it has deep spiritual insight. Then there is a marriage advice column, which is good but needs loosening up. Running serially is the autobiography of a Negro girl, a convert. Marion Mitchell Stancioff is doing a series of good articles, philosophizing on life in general. John C. Hicks, who also writes for us, has some very clever short satirical bits.

As always with a new publication, there's lots of room for improvement. We understand they are having quite a bit of trouble with some of the mechanical details and the mailing department, most through being understaffed. We hope that will be ironed out by the time this appears, and/or that some of our readers in the neighborhood will go around and help them.

We know the staff of *The Sun Herald* personally and we know that the paper was born of prayer, of sacrifice and of faith. So we can vouch for the sincerity of the front-page editorial of their first issue, which read in part:

... We hold ourselves responsible to you and to God for telling the truth in this paper—the truth at all levels and at all costs. Please pray that we will always do this, and that you and all our other readers will be given grace to profit by it. We will be praying with you.

CAROL JACKSON

SAINT PATRICK'S SUMMER  
By Marigold Hunt  
Sheed & Ward, \$2.50

Assuming that theology is a bitter pill which only a generous coating of fiction will make palatable, it is certainly a work of charity to dish

it up in style. Our Lord Himself resorted to a similar sort of strategy in His parables.

Miss Hunt has packed a great deal of sound theology into a very simple story of two children of our day who are prepared by Saint Patrick for their First Communion. He talks to them, answers their questions, sends other saints to help along, and transports the children to scenes in the history of the Church, to emphasize special points. I thought the importance and significance of the Mass particularly well treated.

I did feel as I went along that the weight of the theology hung a bit heavy on the tenuous thread of the narrative, and I couldn't help wondering if children of ten to fourteen, for whom the book is written, would enjoy it as much as their parents and teachers. But my eleven-year-old daughter took in all the doctrinal passages with care, as if envisioning their usefulness for Religious Discussion Period in school. When she came to the part about the secret passage, however, there were stars in her eyes. How children of that age delight in secret passages! Surely they are felicitous symbols of the inscrutable mystery of God.

I asked her what she thought of the book, hoping for an epigram with which to grace this review. "I like it very much," she said, starting the second reading.

ELAINE MALLEY

## *Reading Guide for Catholics*

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## Our Writers

TAD ECKAM and ALBERT FOLEY, S.J. are the only professional sociologists who have succeeded so far in warming our hearts toward the profession. They do come up with a lot of concrete facts and we reluctantly admit that on some subjects (notably and especially the race question and parochial life) nothing else will convince some people. They are both from New Orleans. TAD ECKAM is a pseudonym. Sounds like one, too, doesn't it?

ANN MOTT is another phony name. But she's a real person, white, married to a Negro. She's very proud of her husband, as you will see from the article, but wishes to spare her relatives further spot-lighting from a world that has its values all cockeyed.

HELEN CALDWELL has been in our pages before. She's young, white, and colored and has recently recovered from a long siege of tuberculosis.

We're quite sure any interracial, or any other kind of study club would be a success with LUCILE HASLEY in it because she is at least as funny in person as she is in print. You will probably have read her articles in other Catholic magazines or collected in *Reproachfully Yours* (Sheed and Ward).

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) of INTEGRITY published monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1950.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher: Integrity Publishing Company, 243 East 36th Street, New York 16, N. Y.; Editors: Ed Willock and Carol Jackson, 243 East 36th Street, New York 16, N. Y.; Managing editor: None; Business manager: None.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.)

Ed Willock, Carol Jackson, Doreen O'Sullivan, John Murphy, all of 243 East 36th Street, New York 16, New York.

3. The known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

EDWARD F. WILLOCK

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1950.  
E. Comara Gonzalez, #24-1501600—(My commission expires 3-31-51).



# THE FINAL FIVE

Readers of INTEGRITY will be as pleased as we are that **Dorothy Dohen's** articles in this magazine have been made into a book: **VOCATION TO LOVE** (\$2.50). Father Leo Trese has written a foreword for it in which he suggests that "Goodness without Grimness" would have been a good subtitle—so it would, at that. We are very proud of this new author, so good but never grim, and hope you will all encourage her in the way in which authors are best encouraged.

Another Dorothy, **Dorothy Donnelly**, (you remember **THE BONE AND THE STAR** [\$2.25]) has a book coming out this month, **THE GOLDEN WELL** (\$3.25). This is about symbols, which, she says, are basically the same all over the world. She traces the rather fascinating story they tell of all men's longing for a lost Paradise and their looking forward with longing to anticipated joy.

Anyone with the slightest interest in education ought to read **John Ryan's BEYOND HUMANISM** (\$3.00). The book is the result of much teaching and lecturing on education (especially at the Catholic University Workshop, for which he has been general advisor for the last five years)—but he hasn't only talked and listened to the best of public education, a r

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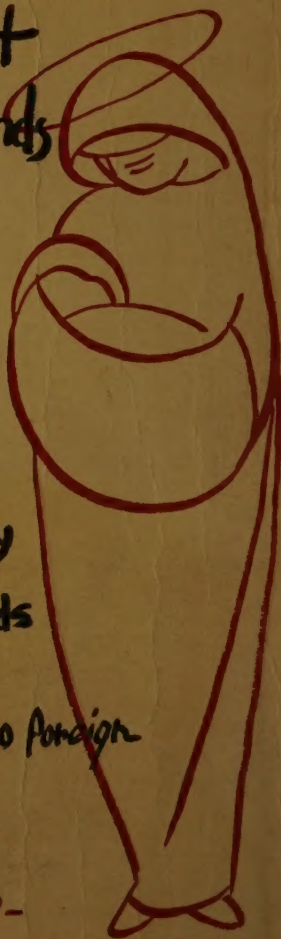
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